THE

Jolly Pinder of Wakefield,

WITH

Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly Pinder,
in Wakefield all on a Green,
in Wakefield all on a Green;
There is neither Knight, nor Squire, said the Pinder
nor Baron that is so bold,
nor Baron that is so bold;
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield
but his Pledge goes to the Pinfold, &c.

All this beheard three witty young men,
'twas Robin Hood, Scarlet and John, &c.
With that they espy'd the jolly Pinder,
as he sat under a thorn, &c.

Now turn again, turn again, said the Pinder,
for ye have forsaken the King's High way
and made a path over the Corn, &c.

O that were great shame, said jolly Robin,
we being three, and thou but one, &c.
The Pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'twas thirty good foot and one, &c.
He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
and his foot against a stone, &c.
And there they fought a long Summers day
a Summers day so long, &c.
Till that their swords on their broad bucklers
were broke fast unto their hands, &c.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
and my merry men every one, &c.
For this is one of the best Pinders
that ever I try'd with Sword, &c.
And wilt thou forsake thy Pinders Craft,
and live in Green-wood with me, &c.
At Michaelmas next my Cov'nant comes out,
when every man gathers his fee, &c.
I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,
and plod to the green-wood with thee, &c.
Hast thou either meat or drink? said *Robin Hood*
for my merry men and me, &c.
I have both bread and beef, said the Pinder,
and good Ale of the best, &c.
And that is Meat good enough, said *Robin Hood*
for such unbidden Guest, &c.
O wilt thou forsake the Pinder his Craft,
and go to the Green-wood with me? &c.
Thou shalt have a Livery twice in the year,
the one green, the other brown, &c.
If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
and my Master had paid me my fee,
and my Master had paid me my fee;
Then would I set as little by him,
as my Master doth by me,
as my Master doth by me.

The Noble Acts newly found, Of Arthur of the Flying Fame.

To the Tune of,

WHen Arthur firſt in Court began,
and was approved King,
By force of Arms great Victories won,
and Conqueſt home did bring:
Then into Brittain ſtraight he came,
where ſixty ſtout and able
Knights, then repaired unto him,
which were of the Round Table.
And many Juſts and Turnaments,
before him there were preſt,
Wherein theſe Knights did then excell,
and far ſurmount the reſt.
But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
who was approved well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms,
all others did excell.
When he had reſted him a while,
to play, and game, and ſport,
He thought he would approve himſelf,
in ſome adventr'ous ſort:
He armed rode in Foreſt wide,
and met a Damſel fair,
Who told him of Adventures great,
whereto he gave good ear.
Why ſhould I not? (quoth Lancelot tho)
for that cauſe came I hither,
Thou ſeem'ſt, quoth ſhe, a Knight right good,
and I will bring thee thither,
Where as the mighteſt Knight doth dwell
that now is of great fame,
Wherefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is thy name.
My name is Lancelot du Lake,
quoth ſhe it likes me then,
Here dwells a Knight that never was
o'recome or matcht of any man:
Who hath in Priſon threeſcore Knights,
and ſome that he hath bound,
Knights of King Arthurs Court they be,
and of the Table round,
She brought him to a River then,
and alſo to a Tree,
Whereas a Copper Baſon hung,
his Fellow Shields to ſee.
He ſtruck ſo hard the Baſon broke,
when Tarquin heard the ſound,
He drove a Horſe before him ſtraight,
whereon a Knight was bound.
Sir Knight (then ſaid Sir Lancelot)
bring me that Horſe-load hither,
And lay him down and let him reſt,
we'l try our force together:
For as I underſtand, thou haſt
as far as thou art able,
Done great deſpight and and ſhame unto
the Knights of the round Table.
If thou art of the Table round,
quoth Tarquin ſpeedily,
Both thee and all thy Fellowſhip,
I utterly deſie.
That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot tho,
defend thee by and by,
They put their Spurs unto their Steeds,
and each at other flye.
They couch their Spears and Horſes run,
as though they had been thunder
And each ſtruck then upon the Shield,
wherewith they brake aſunder:
Their Horſes backs brake under th m,
The Knights they were aſtonied;
To void their horſes they made haſte,
to fight upon the ground:
They took them to their Shields full faſt,
their Swords they drew out then
With Mighty ſtroaks moſt eagerly,
each one at other run:
They wounded were, and bled full ſore,
for breath they both did ſtand,
And leaning on their Swords a while,
quoth Tarquin hold thy hand,
And tell to me what I ſhall aſk,
ſay on, quoth Lancelot tho,
Thou art quoth Tarquin, the beſt Knight
that ever I did know.
And like a Knight that I did hate,
ſo that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the reſt,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well ſaid, quoth Lancelot then,
but fight it ſo muſt be,
What is the Knight thou hateſt ſo,
I pray thee ſhew to me?
His name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he ſlew my Brother dear,
Him I ſuſpect of all the reſt
I would I had him here.
Thy wiſh thou haſt, but now unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now of King Arthurs Table round,
King Hands Son of Benwake:
And I defie thee do thy worſt,
ha ha, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two ſhall end our lives,
before that we do go.
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome ſhalt thou be,
Wherefore ſee thou thy ſelf defend,
for now I do thee defie.
They hurled then together faſt,
like two wild Boars ſo raſhing,
And with their Swords & Shields they ran,
at one another flaſhing.
The ground beſprinkled was with blood.
Tarquin began to faint,
For he had backt and bore his ſhield,
ſo low he did repent:
Which ſoon eſpy'd Lancelot tho,
he leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his Knee,
and ruſhed off his helm:
And then he ſtruck his Neck in two,
and when he had done ſo,
From priſon threeſcore Knights and four,
Lancelot delivered tho.

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